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P. K. KILBOURN.

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TERMS.
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or \$1.25 per annum, in advance.
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paid for strictly in advance, \$1.00.

The low price at which we have placed
the Enquirer, renders it necessary that our
terms should be strictly complied with.

Miscellany.

Mr. Kilbourn:

Dear Sir—As your paper is read some-
what extensively in our village, and as we,
like Hallowell and other country villages,
have more than one gossiping Lizzy, we
suggest to you the propriety of giving the
following narrative an insertion in your
paper, for the benefit of morals.

A Gossip in Trouble.

There's gross scandal stirring. The
dames of the village will hear and bab-
ble it. And what will the rector say. It
concerns even the church.—*Old Play.*

In the village of Hallowell, Maine, and
whose inhabitants, like the good people
of Athens, were much given 'either to tell
or hear some new things,' lived 'Squire
P., a facetious, good natured sort of a
body, whose jokes are even yet a matter
of village record, and have been re-told
through various editions from folio down
to duodecimo.

Aunt Lizzy was Deacon Snipe's wife's
sister—a maiden lady of about fifty—she
went to all the meetings—kept a regular
account of every birth, death and mar-
riage, with the dates—doctored all the
babies, and knew every yard in the
neighborhood—showed all of the young
married women how to make soap, and if
they had bad luck, made every child in
the house sit cross-legged until the luck
changed. In fine, she was a kind of vil-
lage factotum—spent her time in going
from house to house, grinding out a gris-
sander to each occasion required, but
always concluded with 'the way of trans-
gression is hard'—'poor M. A. or B.
(as the case was). I pity her from the bot-
tom of my heart'—or some such soothing
reflection. Aunt Lizzy was always very
fond of asking strangers and others the
state of their minds—how they enjoyed
their minds, etc. These questions were
generally followed by a string of scandal
which was calculated to destroy the
peace and happiness of some of her best
neighbors and friends—but she, like other
narrators of this kind, considered such
intellectual murder as either establishing
her own fair reputation, or as the only
mode of entertaining the village and
the rendering her own society agree-
able.

One warm Summer's afternoon as the
'squire was sitting near his office door,
smoking his pipe, Aunt L. was passing
with great speed, ruminating upon the
news of the day, when the 'squire brot'
her to, as the sailors say, by, 'what's
your hurry, Aunt Liz? walk in.' The
old lady, who never wanted a second in-
vitation, went into the office, and the fol-
lowing dialogue commenced.

'Well 'squire P. I have been thinking
this forenoon what a useful man you
might be, if you'd only leave off your
light conversation, as the good book says,
and become a serious man, you might be
an ornament to both church and state as
our minister says.'

'Why as to that, Aunt Lizzy, a cheer-
ful countenance I consider as the best in-
dex of a grateful heart—and you know
what the bible says on that subject—'
'When ye fast, be not as the hypocrites
of sad countenance—but anoint thy head
and wash thy face, (Aunt Lizzy began to
feel for her pocket handkerchief, for she
was a taker of snuff,) that thou appear
not unto men to fast.'

'Now, 'squire—that's what I told you
—see how you have the scripter on your
tongue's end—that a useful man you
might be; if you'd only be a doer as well
as a hearer of the word.'

'As to that, Aunt Lizzy, I don't see as
you professors, as you call them, are a
whit better than I am, in private. I re-
spect a sincere professor as much as any
man—but I know enough of one of your
church, whom you think a great deal of,
to know that she is no better than she
should be!'

At these invectives, Aunt Lizzy's little
black eyes began to twinkle—she sat
down beside the 'squire in order to speak
in a little lower tone of voice—spread her
handkerchief over her lap and began to
tip the cover of her snuff in true style
and all things being in readiness for a
regular siege of scandalum magnatum, she
commenced fire—

'Now, 'squire, I want to know what
you mean by one of our church—I know
who you mean—trottole—I didn't like
so many curls about her head, when she
told her experience.'

The 'squire finding curiosity was put-
ting his boots on, had no occasion to add
spurs to the heels, for the old lady had

one in her head, that was worth both of
them. Accordingly he had no peace un-
til he consented to explain what he meant
by the expression 'in private'—this was
a dear word to Aunt Lizzy.

'Now, Aunt Lizzy, will you take a bi-
ble oath that you will never communi-
cate what I am about to tell you to living
being, and that you will keep it while
you live as a most inviolable secret?'

'Yes 'squire, I declare I won't never tell
nobody nothing about it as long as I
breathe the breath of life—and I'll take
a bible oath on it—there, sartin as I live
'squire, before you or any other magis-
trate in the whole country.'

'Well, then, you know when I went
up to Boston about a year ago.'

'Yes, yes 'squire, and I know who
went with you too—Sussey B. and Dolly T.
and her sister Prudence.'

'Never mind who went with me, Aunt
Lizzy—there was a whole lot of pass-
engers—but—'

'None of your but, 'squire—out with
it—if folks will act so—a trottole.'

'But, Aunt Lizzy, I'm afraid you'll
bring me into the scrape.'

'I've told you over and over again, that
nobody never shall know nothing about
it and your wife knows that I am not leaky.'

'My wife! I wouldn't have her know
what I was going to say for the world—
why—Aunt Lizzy—if she should know
it—'

'Well, don't be afraid 'squire, once
for all, I'll take my oath that no living
critter shan't never as long as I live know
a lip of it.'

'Well then, if you must know it, I slept
with one of the likeliest of your church
members nearly half the way up!!!'

Aunt Lizzy now drew a long breath—
shut up her snuff box, and put it in her
pocket muttering to herself—'The like-
liest of our church members! I thought
it was Susan B—; likeliest! this comes
of being flattered—a trottole. Well one
thing I know the way of the transgressor
is hard—but I hope you'll never tell no-
body on't, 'squire—for sartin as the
world, if such a thing should be known
our church would be scattered abroad
like a sheep without a shepherd.'

In a few moments Aunt Lizzy took her
departure, giving the 'squire another cau-
tion and a sly wink, as she said good-bye
—let me alone for a secret.

It was not many days before 'squire P.
received a very polite note from Parson
G. requesting him to attend a meeting of
the church and many of the parish, at the
south conference room, in order to settle
some difficulties with one of the church
members, who in order to clear up her
character, requested 'Squire P. to be pres-
ent.

The Parson who was a very worthy
man, knew the frailty of some of the
weak sisters, as he was a particular friend
of 'Squire P.'s, requested him in his note
to say nothing of it to his wife. But the
'squire took the hint, and telling her that
there was to be a parish meeting, request-
ed her to be ready at two o'clock, and
would call for her.

Accordingly the hour of meeting came
—the whole village flocked to the room,
which could not hold half of them. All
eyes were alternately on the 'squire and
Susan B.—Mrs. P. stared, and Sussey B.
looked as if she had been crying for a
fortnight.

The parson, with softened tone, and in
as delicate a manner as possible, stated
the story about Sussey B. which, he
observed was in every body's mouth,
and which he himself for one, be-
lieved not a word of, and—'Squire
P. being called on to stand as a witness
—after painting in lively colors the evils
of slander, with which their village had
been infested, and particularly the church
—called on Aunt Lizzy, in the presence
of the meeting, and before the church, to
come out and make acknowledgements
for violating a bible oath! Aunt Lizzy's
apology was, that she only told Deacon
Snipe's wife on't—and she took an oath,
that she wouldn't tell no body else on't.
Deacon Snipe's wife had, it appears,
sworn Roger Toobaker's sister never to
tell nobody on't—and so it went through
the whole church, thence through the
village.

The 'Squire then acknowledged before
the meeting, that he had, as he had told
Aunt Lizzy, slept with a church member,
half the way up to Boston, and that he be-
lieved her to be one of the likeliest of
their church members, inasmuch as she
would never bear or retail slander. All
eyes were now alternately on Sussey B.
and 'squire P.'s wife. Aunt Lizzy en-
joyed a kind of diabolical triumph which
the 'squire no sooner saw, than he finished
his sentence by declaring the church
member to whom he alluded was his own
wife!

Aunt Lizzy drew in her head under
a huge bonnet, as a turtle does under his
shell, and marched away into one corner
of the room, like dog that has been killing
sheep. The 'squire as usual, burst out
into an immoderate fit of laughter,
from which his wife, Sussey B. and even

the parson, could not refrain from join-
ing—and parson G. afterwards acknowl-
edged that 'squire P. had given a death
blow to scandal in the village, which all
his preaching could not have done.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, ON THE SABBATH.

It may not be without its use, in sub-
mitting to our readers, the following op-
inion on the Sabbath question, of one
whom none could accuse of bigotry, viz
Sir Walter Scott. It is taken from the
Quarterly Review of 1823—

If we believe in the Divine origin of the
Bible the Sabbath is instituted for the
purpose of religion. The time set apart
is the Sabbath of the Lord; a day on
which we are not to work our own work,
or think our own thoughts. The precept
is positive, and the purpose clear. For
our eternal benefit a certain space of every
week is appointed, which, sacred from
all other avocations save those imposed
by necessity and mercy, is to be employed
in religious duties. The Roman Catholic
church, which lays so much force on ob-
servances merely ritual, may consistently sup-
pose that the time claimed is more than
sufficient for the occasion, and dismiss the
peasants, when mass is over, to any game
or gambol which fancy may dictate, leav-
ing it with the priests to do on behalf of the
congregation what farther is necessary for
the working out of their salvation. But
this is not Protestant doctrine, though it
may be imitated by Protestant Churches.
The religious part of a Sunday's exercise
is not to be considered as a bitter medicine,
the taste of which is as soon as possible to
be removed by a bit of sugar. On the con-
trary, our demeanor through the rest of the
day ought to be not sullen, certainly, but se-
rious, tending to instruction. Give to the
world one half of the Sabbath, and you
will find that religion has no strong hold
of the other. Pass the morning at church and
the evening according to your taste or rank,
in the cricket-field or at the opera, and you
will soon find thoughts of the evening haz-
ards and bets intrude themselves on the ser-
mon, and that recollections of the popular
melodies interfere with the psalms. Religion
is thus treated like Lear, to whom his un-
grateful daughters first denied one-half of
his stipulated allowance, and then made
it a question whether they should grant him
any share of what remained."

AFFECTING STORY.

The following story we heard a short
time since from a young female in humble
life—an emigrant from Ireland. During the
recital, the expression of her fine intellectu-
al face—her fast flowing tears attested a
truth we all admit—that warm hearts and
gentle sympathies may exist when the re-
finement of polished life is wanting. The
narrative is in our hands—it has lost, along
with the strong accents of her country, the
touching simplicity of her original narra-
tion:

"The steerage of our ship was crowded
with passengers of all ages, and before we
had been long at sea, a malignant disease
broke out among the children on board.
One after another sickened and died, and
each was in turn wrapped in its narrow
shroud and committed to the deep, with no
requiem but the bursting sigh of a fond moth-
er, and no obsequies but the tears of fathers
and brothers and pitying spectators. As
they sullenly plunged into the sea and the
blue waves closed over them, I clasped my
own babe more strongly to my bosom, and
prayed that Heaven might spare my only
child. But this was not to be. It sickened,
and day by day I saw that its life was eb-
bing and the work of death begun. On
Friday night it died, and to avoid the neces-
sity of seeing what was once so beautiful
and still so dear given to gorge the monsters
of the deep, I concealed its death from all
around me. To lull suspicion, I gave evas-
ive answers to those who inquired after it,
and folded it in my arms, and sarg to it, as
if my babe was only sleeping for an hour,
when the cold long sleep of death was on it.
A weary day and night had passed away,
and the Sabbath came. Like others I wore
my neatest dress and put on a smiling face,
but no! it was a heavy task for I felt my
heart was breaking.

On Monday the death of my child could
no longer be concealed, but from regard to
my feelings the captain had it enclosed in
a rude coffin and promised to keep it two
days for burial, if in that time we should
make land. The coffin was placed in the
boat which floated at the ship's stern, and
through the long hours of night I watched
it—a dark speck on the waves, which might
shut it from my sight forever. It was then
I thought of my dear cottage at home, and
my native land, and of the kind friends I
had left behind me, and longed to mingle my
tears with theirs. By night I watched the
coffin of my babe, and by day looked for the
land raising my heart in prayer to him who
holds the winds' hand, that they might wait
us swiftly onward.

On the third morning just as the sun had
risen, the fog lifted and showed us the green
shores of New Brunswick. The ship was
laid to, and the captain with a few men left,
taking the coffin with them. I was not per-
mitted to go, but from the deck of the ves-

sel, I could see them as they dug the grave
under thick shades of the forest trees, on the
edge of a sweet glade, which sloped down to
the water—and in my heart I blessed them,
and prayed that God would reward their
kindness to the living and the dead. When
they returned on board the Captain came to
me and said—"My good woman, the place
where your son is buried is Greenville, on
the coast of Brunswick. I will write it up
on a piece of paper that you may know
where his remains lie." I thanked him for
his care, but told him the record was al-
ready written, on my heart, and would re-
main there till my last boy and I should
meet in a brighter and happier world.

ANECDOTE OF LUTHER MARTIN.

We heard an anecdote of this distin-
guished lawyer a few days ago, which we
do not remember to have met with in print,
and which is certainly "too good to be
lost," as the reporters say. Martin was
on one occasion riding to Annapolis in a
stage coach in which was a solitary
companion, a young gentleman just com-
mencing the practice of law. After
some familiar conversation, the young
gentleman said—

"Sir, you have been remarkably suc-
cessful in your profession; few men
have gained so many cases; will you be
good enough to communicate to me, a
beginner, the secret of your wondrous
success?"

"I'll do it, young man, on one condi-
tion and that is that you defray my ex-
penses during my stay of a few days at An-
napolis."

"Willingly," replied the young man,
hoping to profit greatly by the communi-
cation.

"The secret of my success," said Mar-
tin, "may be discovered in this advice,
which I now give you, namely—Be sure
to have a good witness for every case
you desire to secure."

On reaching Annapolis, Luther Martin
was not very self-denying in the enjoy-
ments presented by a fine hotel; he sub-
stantials and general refreshments were
despatched in a manner quite gratifying
to "mine host." The time for return at
length came. The young man and Mar-
tin stood together at the bar, and demand-
ed their respective bills.

Martin's was enormous, but on glanc-
ing at it, he quietly handed it to the
young lawyer, who raring his eyes lei-
sely, returned it with the utmost grati-
tude.

"Don't you mean to pay it?" said Mar-
tin.

"Pay what?" said the young lawyer.
"Why, pay this bill. Did you not say
on the road downward, that you would
defray the charge?"

"My dear sir," said the young gentle-
man, "have you a good witness to prove
what you demand in this case?"

Martin at once saw that he was caught,
and eyeing his young friend a moment
or two, he said pleasantly—"You don't
need any counsel from me."

Methodist Protestant.

CALHOUN AND WEBSTER.

Daniel Webster and John Caldwell
Calhoun were born in the same year One
s the son of a respectable northern far-
mer, who emigrated into New Hamp-
shire when it was a wilderness, and serv-
ed as an officer in the old French war
and the Revolution; and the other, of a
southern planter, of similar circumstan-
ces, who was a pioneer in the forests of
Carolina, and with the same rank, fought
the Cherokees and the British. The fa-
thers of both, after distinguishing them-
selves in the field were called to hono-
rable civil stations, but they continued to
be cultivators of the soil, and their sons,
after partially acquiring their education,
decided to follow their inherited occupa-
tions, and passed some three years in the
quiet pursuits of agriculture. What
changed the purpose of Webster is un-
known, but Calhoun was led to study his
profession by the just appreciation of an
elder brother. When Christopher Gore
presented his pupil, young Daniel Web-
ster, for admission to the bar of Boston, he
ventured a prediction of his future emi-
nence, which all his present fame has
not more than fulfilled, and Doctor Dwig-
ht, about the same time, at the close of
a class examination at Yale College, fore-
told that his southern student, John
Caldwell Calhoun, would one day be
President of the United States. For a
while, they lingered about the northern
and southern horizons, and then simulta-
neously shot up into mid-heaven, with
a steady, but different lustre, to fix the
gaze, not of their admiring countrymen
only, but of mankind. Whatever may
now or hereafter be the estimation in
which any man or men engaged in our
public affairs may be held, Daniel Web-
ster and John Caldwell Calhoun will con-
tinue to be regarded as the representa-
tives of the genius and of the lending
opinions in political philosophy, held by
the northern and southern states of the
confederacy in the first half of the nine-
teenth century.

THE DESTITUTION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

A deputation of the Free Church of Scot-
land has visited the highlands, and an ap-
palling report they bring back. They say
that at this date there must be nearly two
hundred thousand of their countrymen de-
stitute of food—and of the other half, multi-
tudes are daily falling into the same dis-
tressing and fearful state—the remaining
produce of their soil expending and expend-
ed—while, ere the month of May next,
they can but anticipate that the same con-
dition will be universal, with exceptions
(numerically) to be scarcely taken into
account. A parallel more easily realized
than perhaps Highland destitution, would
be that of the population of one of our
largest cities, by some dreadful and sudden
manifestation, deprived, not merely of their
household stores—not merely of their fami-
ly resources, but also, together with those
deprived of their commerce and ordinary
business—of all and whole the sources by
which their whole bodily sustenance was
wont to be maintained.

The liberality manifested in England and
Scotland for the relief of these deplorable
calamities, is creditable to the humanity of
the country in the highest degree.

A DRUNKARD ON FIRE.

Dr. Nott, in his lectures, gave the follow-
ing account of a young man, about 25 years
of age:

"He had been a habitual drinker for
many years. I saw him about 9 o'clock in
the evening on which it happened—he was
then as usual, not drunk but full of liquor—
about 11 o'clock the same evening I was
called to see him. I found him literally
roasted, from the crown of his head to the
sole of his feet. He was found in a Black-
smith's shop, just across the street from
where he had been. The owner of the shop
all of a sudden discovered an extensive
light in his shop, as though the whole build-
ing was in one general flame. He ran
with the greatest precipitancy, and on
throwing open the door, discovered a man
standing erect in the midst of a wide silver-
color flame, bearing, as he described it, ex-
actly the appearance of the wreck of a bur-
ning candle in its own flame. He seized
him (the drunkard) by the shoulders and
jerked him to the door, upon which the blaze
was instantly extinguished. There was no
fire in the shop, neither was there any pos-
sibility of any fire having been communi-
cated to him from any external source. It
was purely a case of spontaneous ignition.
A general sloughing soon came on, and his
flesh was consumed or removed in the dress-
ing, leaving the bones and a few of the lar-
ger blood vessels—the blood, nevertheless,
rallied round the heart, and maintained the
vital spark until the thirteenth day, when
he died, not only the most loathsome, ill-
featured, & dreadful picture that was ever
presented to human view, but his shrieks,
his groans, and his lamentations, also, were
enough to rend a heart of adamant. He
complained of no pain of body—his flesh
was gone. He said he was suffering the
torments of hell—that he was just upon the
threshold and should soon enter his dismal
cavern—and in this frame of mind he gave
up the ghost."

From the London Economist. COBBETT'S IRISH FAMINE PROPHECY.

*Remarkable Prophecy of Cobbett respecting
Ireland and the failure of the Potatoe
Crop.*

LEAMINGTON

To the Editor:
"My Dear Sir—Last evening, I met, at
dinner, a Roman Catholic Priest, a Doctor
Smith, from Connemara County, Galway,
who related the following conversation he
had with that extraordinary man, Cobbett
in 1826, while speaking of Ireland, Cobbett
said, that the dirty weed, alluding to the
Potatoe, would be the curse of Ireland.

"How so?" replied Dr. Smith, "what must
the people do without it? They live upon
it! they have had it in cultivation 180
years." Cobbett answered, "they must go
back to the same food they were accustomed
to live upon previously to the general culti-
vation of the dirty weed; and that is to
grain, as wheat, oats, rye, &c. You have
four millions of souls in Ireland, and eight
millions of uncultivated ground. This
ground must be drained, and brought into
cultivation, and you must again grow
wheat, oats, rye, &c. The potatoe will not
last more than twenty years, when it will
work itself out, and then you will see to
what a state Ireland will be reduced. You
must return to grain crops and Ireland, in-
stead of being of the most degraded will be-
come one of the finest countries in the
world. You may live to see my words
prove true, but I never shall."

Dr. Smith made a note of the above in
1826, and the same opinion and prophecy
concerning the Potatoe occurs in one of
Cobbett's books, Cottage Economy or Cot-
tage Comforts, it is forgotten which.

Portrait of Judge Spencer.—The por-
trait of Hon. Ambrose Spencer is to be pla-
ced in the Law Institute in the city of New
York.

POSITIVELY A SHOCKING IDEA.

Passing up street a few days ago, we
were met by an old lady, whose coun-
tenance betrayed symptoms of anxiety.—
She had been reading the latest news
from the "war."

"Friend," said she, "do you think
there is any danger of Mexico being ta-
ken into the Union?"

"Guess not," we replied; "it might be
taken in by the Union."

"Well," says she, "I am opposed to
annexing it to the Union, in any shape."
"Ah, why so?" we inquiringly respon-
ded.

"Why," said the old dame, "I am af-
fected of nirthquakes, and don't want such
things to come into the United States."
We thought the idea pretty good,
though positively shocking for contempla-
tion. The old lady shuddered at the
thought, and then we separated.—*Sun.*

AUTHORITY IN ENGLAND

A London correspondent of the N. Y.
Inquirer, writing about the inordinate
charges which many who are upon the
Stage exact and receive, thus contrasts
the condition of two, at least of the emi-
nent writers of England—

"I venture to say that Fisher Murray
one of the most esteemed of the eminent
English Magazine writers, does not ex-
ceed £300 a year by his literary labors.
I am told that Carlyle's income from his
writings, does not exceed £500 per an-
num—yet he works eight or nine hours
a day and the productions of his pen are
read wherever the English language is
understood.

THE OCEAN TURNED INTO A WATER POWER.

An obvious application of Harvey's grand
discovery of the use of valves in raising the
blood through the veins, has just been sug-
gested by a correspondent of the Mechanics
Magazine, namely the raising of water from
the sea by the lash of the waves through
valved tubes into reservoirs on a high level,
for the acquisition, of course, of an unlim-
ited supply of water power, to be turned to
any requisite purpose. The inventor pro-
poses to test the practicability of the prin-
ciple on Southsea Beach.

Scientific American.

FALL OF IDOLATRY IN CHINA.

Dr. Gottlieb records a remarkable effect
of the British invasion of China. The
natives expected that their idols would re-
pell the invaders, but seeing them unable
to make the least resistance, even to save
themselves from the hands of an excited
soldiery, veneration gave way to contempt.
The idols having proved their worthles-
ness, the Chinese refuse to worship them,
and the shrines and priests are deserted.

The School Fund.

It will be remembered that the last
Legislature of this State abolished the
office of Assistant School Commissioner.
The importance of that office will be
fully appreciated by all who have read the
report of the minority of the School Fund
Committee.

This report the Legislature refused to
print, although it contained information
important to be known to all interested
in the prosperity of this fund. We ob-
tained the document from the Committee,
and published it in the Paladium of Fri-
day. We learn from the report that
much of the real estate upon which the
School Fund has been loaned, "is inven-
toried considerably above the cash value."
Again the Committee say that
they have reason to fear that "upon a
rigid examination, some of the securities
may prove inadequate." They add fur-
ther that "monies are frequently loaned
upon land, the essential value of which is
wood and timber; this liable to be, and
in some cases has been removed without
the knowledge of the Commissioner, and
the security has thereby become impair-
ed."

The Committee have informed the peo-
ple of another fact which they were not
in possession of, and which has been
brought to light by the aid of the late
Assistant School Commissioner. It is
that the title to about 2000 acres of land
in Vermont is exceedingly doubtful. In-
deed, it is thought by the Agent who has
been in charge, and who has recently in-
vestigated the matter, that the title upon
which the State can alone rely, is that of
possession, while to a portion of the tract
claimed by the State, it is believed a pos-
sessory title has been acquired by others. It
appears that the arranges of interest, pay-
able at the treasury, amount to \$14,520.
Arranges on interest payable elsewhere,
the Committee have not been able to obtain.

In regard to the policy of the State in
entrusting the management of this immense
fund to a single individual, the Committee
justly express surprise, and show that it is
without a precedent—and that however
faithful and intelligent a Commissioner
may be, it is impossible for him unassisted,
to give the attention to all the affairs of the
Fund, which its safety and propriety require.
Yet the loco loco legislature by abolishing
the office of Assistant School Commissioner,
has expressed its willingness, and its de-
termination to leave this School Fund in its
present condition; and so it would remain if
the locus were to retain their power. The
Whigs have greatly improved the condition
of the State Prison since it has been under
their supervision and management & in due
time we doubt not that they will improve
the affairs of the School Fund.

Paladium.